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The Crimson Bead

By

Ruby Holmes Martyn

In Two Parts

PART I

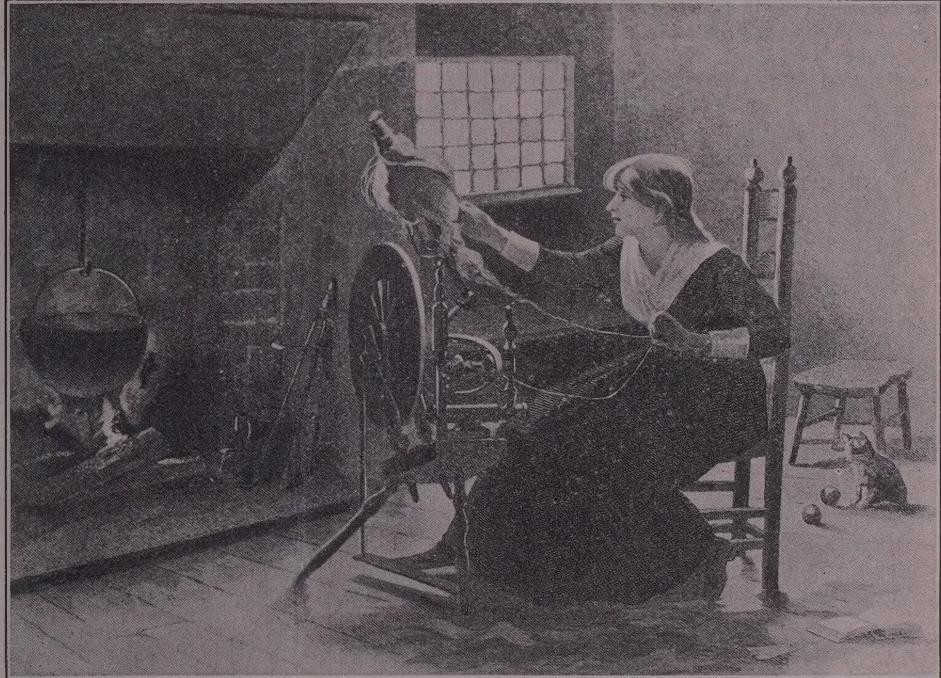
BETTY Alden had drawn the little flax wheel into the warm spring sunshine that streamed through the open doorway of the stanch, snug house the Plymouth Colony men had helped her brave father build on his grant of land in the struggling Duxbury settlement across the bay from the clustered mother town. Betty's stoutly clad foot pressed the worn treadle with strokes so skilled that the thread of flax was pulled evenly from her deftly twisting fingers, and the lift of the bar kept time with the psalm tune that swelled from the pretty throat showing above her primly folded kerchief. When this stint of morning work was done she was going across the bay with her brother Joseph who had been bidden carry a message hither for their father.

Through the open doorway came a whiff of salty air blended with the sweet smell of sunny spring time. From the garden near at hand came Mistress Alden's gentle voice mingled with the prattle of her younger children and the songs of birds just arrived from the southland. Further afield Joseph was helping his father break stump land with a clumsy plow.

Finally the last bit of flax from the spindle slipped through Betty's fingers and wound tightly on the little wheel. Putting the wheel away, she ran out into the warm sunshine.

"Mother, I go to call Joseph that we may start!" she cried.

"Take a frugal lunch, dear, for thee and him. You will be hungry going over the bay," laughed Mistress Alden. "Cut a fresh loaf of bread, and a slice of the ham we boiled yesterday, and a generous piece of the ripe cheese."



SPINNING THE FLAX

"Thou art the best mother in the whole world!" cried Betty. "Thou art trusting Joseph and me like grown-up folks!"

"Surely I trust thee and Joseph, daughter," smiled their mother lovingly. "Thou hast been taught to be brave and true and gentle and to trust in God. Surely I trust thee across the bay with Joseph, and your first trip alone together shall be a happy time. Only remember to return while the tide still serves to come over the covered flats."

Betty flew to make up the parcel of lunch: Joseph came from the stump field to wash his hands and put on better shoes than those he had worn on the rough ground: then they set out together along the well trodden path that led to the shore of the bay. Here and there other paths led into the one they followed. Twice they crossed a clearing of the forest. From the crest of a hill they saw the mottled bay lying in the sunshine.

"The tide is coming in fast," said Joseph, reading aright the brownish stretches of just covered mud flats between the deep blue of the channel water. "We can go straight over, and stay at Plymouth until the tide turns. I hope Zabdiel does not see us when we pass his father's clearing."

"So do I!" agreed Betty. "It would be just like him to come along and spoil our trip; he brags and brags and brags until no one can bear the sight of him; and that Indian boy Alexander threatens to do him a mischief. Joseph, I want thee to go with me to Plymouth Hill to fetch some Mayflowers for mother."

"What for? Why, there are plenty of Mayflowers right here in our own woods," laughed Joseph.

"These are not to mother like those flowers from Plymouth Hill toward John Billington's Sea. She loves to have a nosegay from the same spot where father and she found them after that first dreadful winter. I want thee to fetch some with me," said Betty softly.

"Thou knowest I will," answered Joseph. "Thou knowest I love our mother dearly. I shall never get too large and old to forget that!"

"Mayhap it were better for us to run past Zabdiel's house that he have less opportunity to see us," suggested Betty.

"We might go around by the back path," said Joseph.

"We will! I just could not have Zabdiel spoil this beautiful day."

So Joseph turned aside from the well trodden path that led straight to the

landing place where the Alden boat was tied, and ran along the path that would pass through the woods behind the house where Zabdiel lived. And there in those woods was Zabdiel hiding to escape from work his father wanted him to do!

"I'm going to Plymouth with you," he said boldly.

Joseph shook his head.

"We have not asked thee to accompany us," he said.

"What matters that? I asked myself, and myself intends to go with you!" retorted Zabdiel. "I'll help row to pay for my passage. That's neighborly enough for anyone."

"Thou shalt not go with us without thy father's permission!" said Joseph stoutly.

"That is easily enough obtained. Thy father is not the only one who has errands in Plymouth," sneered Zabdiel.

Betty drew a long breath. Now that Zabdiel had forced himself upon them they must make the best of it. Would that they had kept to the straight, front path! But regrets for their own weakness were futile now. They must make him hospitably welcome with such graciousness as their sweet mother would have shown to these poorer neighbors who had no boat in which to cross the bay.

"Thou shalt row half the time," said Joseph, precisely. "Rush thee home for thy father's permission, and come to the landing. I want to hasten that we may reach Plymouth speedily."

When Joseph and Betty reached the little landing wharf where the boats of those Duxbury settlers who owned craft were securely tied, they found Zabdiel waiting. The Alden boat was well painted and caulked, and stanchly true in every line. The boys drew it down the wet mud to the water's edge; Betty got in with the parcel of lunch, and they pushed off.

Once under way by the Cow and Calf Rocks, the boys took turns at the oars. The tide was running in so strong that it made progress more difficult than on the ebb, but already the flats were flooded enough for the low draught boat to pass straight over. Betty promptly opened the lunch parcel and divided the contents, and with Zabdiel's extra mouth to fill the bread and ham and cheese soon disappeared. Plymouth was coming nearer with every stroke of the oars. Betty could make out the individual houses, and some men working on the hillsides around the town.

"Bring us to land on the Rock, Joseph!" she said.

Zabdiel grumbled.

"They say that none but the children of those who came on the Mayflower shall land safely on that Rock," he objected.

"Nonsense," laughed Betty. "Father says the foot of any brave, true child is welcome there."

"They do say it brings ill luck to others," added Joseph.

"I'm not afraid to take the chance!" bluffed Zabdiel braggartly. His parents had come over in a much later vessel than the little Mayflower. And oftentimes he was not brave nor honest.

The tide had risen high enough to wash the seaward foot of historic Rock. Joseph brought the boat close alongside and put out his hand to hold it steady.

"Run ashore," he said to Betty. "You, too, Zab! And help me beach the boat above the tide line."

For a moment Betty stood there. How often her mother had told her of that day when Mary Chilton had landed first of the women. The wind had been cuttingly bleak as they went up the beach to the log shelter the men had hurriedly built while they waited on the Mayflower riding at anchor in the bay. Today, it was sunny, and beyond the beach were the houses of folks she knew and loved.

"I must first deliver father's message to Master Robinson," said Joseph when the boat was safely beached.

"Then we will climb Plymouth Hill for mother's Mayflowers," said Betty. "Wilt go hither with us, Zabdiel?"

"Yea!"

"But thy father's errand?" reminded Joseph.

"He had no errand! I just sneaked onto the other path to the Duxbury landing place."

"And thee dared put thy foot on Plymouth Rock!" said Joseph angrily. "Such untruthfulness will indeed bring thee bad luck!"

"We are going for Mayflowers now," said Betty.

But her gentle heart was troubled as she went up the street and through the old burying yard to the cleared fields above the town. Some men and big boys were working there, and the winding path passed near Peregrine White grubbing rotten stumps.

"All well in Duxbury?" he called.

"Yea," answered Joseph. "I will tell father I saw thee."

Beyond that field the path wound into the deep woods. It was an old, old trail of the Indians of the Pokanoket Colony.

Again and again during those first anxious years the settlers watched the opening of that path for the appearance of the dreaded red skins. Again and again they had seen their handful of doughty soldiers disappear into those woods. Again and again, in loneliness and discouragement, one and another of the brave Pilgrims had stood there gazing away over the waters to Old England, and regaining the strength to keep their hands to the plough here in the New World. And here gentle, trembling hands had gathered those first flowers of their first spring time.

Joseph led the way fearlessly. He had been here before with his father and mother. His mother had said that the very best flowers were up on that slope. He turned aside to clamber over some fallen trees. Betty was at his heels. For

the moment they had forgotten Zabdiel. A gurgle of terror arrested them.

"Indians!" whispered Betty.

"They have Zabdiel!" added Joseph.

An Indian rose up beside them, head feathers erect, war paint gleaming, and a knife in his wampum belt.

"Witu," said Betty, gladly.

The Indian nodded. He was just a lad who had often played with Betty and Joseph, and they could not understand his brilliant trappings.

"Thy father's wampum!" guessed Joseph.

"We are warriors," said Witu. "We have caught the braggart Zabdiel!"

Betty dared not scream. She did not know how seriously she ought to consider the situation. Witu was just a playmate in spite of these fearful trappings. She knew Zabdiel had often angered the Indians and feared somewhat for what they might do to him. Surely enough they were leading him to an opening among the trees, and tying him to a slender maple. But they were all boys, in spite of an array of paint and feathers. She recognized a lad called Alexander, a Sachem's son, with a wampum belt his father particularly treasured.

"All safe," encouraged Witu. "All safe for you!"

A gag had been slipped into Zabdiel's mouth, and when he was securely tied they began to pull off his shoes. Betty's lips whitened. Pulling off shoes meant torture.

"All safe! All safe for you!" repeated Witu.

"Why are you here?" demanded Betty, formally.

"Warriors! Zabdiel run right into us. Vowed to take his scalp lock sometime."

"Witu! Thee must not! It would be too dreadful for us all, and make war between our people. I know that Zabdiel has been contemptible toward everyone. He had lied to us this very day. But thou shalt not make war between our people for such a thing!" pleaded Betty.

"He scared!" said Witu. "He too mean to have courage!"

Betty began to wring her hands. What could she do? Joseph tried to slip away for help but Witu's lean hand closed on his shoulder with a vise-like grip.

"You stay here! See Zabdiel scared when he not boss of the game!"

"How dare you really hurt him?" demanded Betty.

One Indian lad was tickling the soles of Zabdiel's bare feet while the others gained satisfaction at his writhing muscles.

"Stop!" exploded Joseph.

Witu immediately clapped a vile smelling hand over his mouth. Betty tried to gather her shaking wits. There ought to be some way to circumvent these make believe warriors out looking for fun when they happened to meet Zabdiel. But an Indian's definition of fun might be very different from that of a white skin. Undoubtedly Zabdiel was in agony.

(To Be Continued.)



Those Inquisitive Quigley Twins

THE FIRST ROBIN

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR



BILLY! BILLY! Do you hear him? Wake up, Billy!"

"Uh-uh—I hear!" Billy sat up in bed, rubbing himself awake with his fists. For of course a body can't be wide awake until his eyes are open. "Only, what is it?"

"Then you don't hear him at all!" Betty's face peeping through Billy's doorway wore an expression of disappointment mixed with some surprise. "Why, he woke me up, and I knew him the first peep!"

"Well, let me listen once!" Billy opened his mouth, and eyes, wide, the better to hear.

"Cheer-up, cheer-up, cheer-up!" came through the open window, in that singing war-whoop that is the Robin's early spring note, all full of quirks and twists and turns, just like those juicy angle-worms he feeds on. The fiddle-strings for the musical instrument down in his throat, perhaps?

"Whoop-ee, it's Robin back. Now we'll have spring, sure!"

With a flop of his arms Billy had the bed-clothes tumbling off him, and he was bounding out of bed while they were still flying.

"Can you see him? Where is he?"

"I don't know that. I only heard him. But you know what they say about the first robin you hear—make a wish right off and it will come true."

"Good. We'll both wish, twinlet!"

Betty giggled. But both were very sober by the time they stood face to face, little fingers hooked, brains busy on what to wish for. When the children were dressed, they went slipping down stairs so as not to waken their parents. For it was hardly more than peeping-daylight. Not too early for spring robins, and spring-loving children, to be up, though.

Robin, they found, was perched on the very tip of the highest tree in the yard, a poplar whose catkins were already bursting through their gluey jackets. Robin sat facing the rising sun. And how he did war-whoop his joy in getting back north again! One would think he had been perfectly wretched there in the sunny south, all winter long.

"Cheery-be, Cheery-be, Cheery-be, Cheery-up!" he called over and over, with hardly a stop between except to catch his breath.

It seemed to the twins that he was talking right to them, glad to have them get out of their snug beds to welcome him back.

All that day he kept calling, even though the sun went under a cloud and what had promised to be a bright sunny day turned into a slow, spring,

drizzle.

"Oh, Robin doesn't mind the rain a bit," their father told them when he came home that afternoon. "He knows rains like this bring out the worms, and he is giving his thanks for them, now, before he starts eating."

The next morning Robin did have plenty to be cheery about, for the pavings were covered with angleworms that had crept out to enjoy baths, or swims, or whatever it is that brings them out. But it hardly seemed to the twins that he took time off to eat, so often did they hear his joyous chuckle. They kept him pretty well in sight all day, now in a tree, now on a wire, now on a house-top. Once he was on their very own chimney peak, as if he found that a pleasant place to toast his cold toes.

"Robin—that's a boy's name, isn't it?" said Billy that evening, at supper, as the family ate to the music the bird made for them in the maple top.

"Yes, and it means 'bright in fame.' Don't you think that a good name for our most common bird friend?"

"Oh, yes. Who named him that, I wonder?"

"The Pilgrim fathers that landed in Massachusetts so long ago. For they found this bird quite as friendly as the English Robin. Did you know that the Indians have a pretty legend about the origin of the Robin?"

"No, tell us. How did the Robin come to be?"

"The Indians say he was once the son of a chief. The boy was gentle and loving-hearted, and couldn't endure the hardships necessary to make him a bold warrior. Nor did he like war. So when his father made him fast seven days, the boy pined away with the suffering and horrors of being left all alone there in that far-away wigwam. When his warrior father came for him on the morning of the eighth day, he found his son dead. But there on the top of the wigwam was a new, strange bird, that called to him in sweet songs and told him not to mourn his son, who would live always in the form of the robin."

"The robin is a boy among birds," spoke up their Mother. "He looks like a plump lad with a red sweater under his coat, and trousies most too tight for him."

How the children laughed at that! And yet, it made them like Robin more than ever.

Oh, the wishes! Well it happened that both children wished the same thing—that a family of robins would nest in their yard. Each got their wish, too, for two families built there, one in the maple and one under the porch eaves.

Heart-Of-A-Poet And Complaining Tone

BY HEWES LANCASTER

"**I**CAN'T do anything, I feel too bad," said Complaining Tone. Heart-of-a-Poet laid down the book he was reading and looked around:

"Well, upon my word," he said, "what are you doing in here?"

"I am not doing anything," Complaining Tone whined, "I can't do anything; I feel too bad."

"There is one thing you can do," Heart-of-a-Poet told her: "There is one thing any Tone can always do if it wants to."

"What is it?" asked Complaining Tone. "What can I do when I feel so bad?"

"You can sing," said Heart-of-a-Poet. "Sing! I can't sing! I have only one note and that's a whine."

"Yes; I know it is. And I don't blame you for not being very proud of your whining note. But just the same you could sing a song with it if you wanted to."

"I'd like you to show me how I can sing with a whining note," sniffed Complaining Tone.

Heart-of-a-Poet began at once to whine through his nose:

"When I was a little girl, a little girl,
a little girl,
My mother said
I wore a little curl, a little curl, a
little curl
On top my head."

Complaining Tone had to laugh. Anybody would have had to laugh at such singing as that.

"Oh, all right!" said Heart-of-a-Poet, "laugh if you want to. But I'm guessing you can't do any better."

"Maybe I couldn't do any better, but I know I couldn't do any worse," whined Complaining Tone.

"I dare you to try it," shouted Heart-of-a-Poet.

"I won't take a dare. I know I couldn't sing worse than you do," Complaining Tone said, and she began to whine:

"When I was a little girl, a little girl,
a little girl!"

"Oh, but you are not singing with only a whine," cried Heart-of-a-Poet, "you've caught another note."

Complaining Tone stopped singing and looked at him in surprise:

"I surely have caught another note," she said.

"Where did you catch it?" asked Heart-of-a-Poet.

"I don't know; it just came." And then it was Heart-of-a-Poet's turn to laugh.

"Of course the note just came," he said. "That is what notes always do when a Tone begins to sing. That is why I say it is so silly for a Tone to sit down and say it can't sing because it has only one note; when if it would only begin to sing it would soon have all the notes it needed."

"Is that so?" cried Complaining Tone.



THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

35 MELVILLE ST.,
AUGUSTA, MAINE

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to All Souls Church, Augusta, Maine. My name is Hazel Wohlfarth. I was born in New York City but came to Augusta five years ago. Every fourth or fifth Sunday we have pictures of what we have studied in Sunday school. Every other Saturday we go to Mrs. Fenn's house and sew for the May Festival. We call the Club the Junior Alliance. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I have a great many; I am going to have them bound. I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely,
HAZEL WOHLFARTH.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE

Dear Miss Buck:—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school and get *The Beacon*. I am keeping them all so I can read them when I am older. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. I would like to join the Beacon Club.

Sincerely,
NATHALIE A. MARTEL.

"Why, of course it's so. If you want to prove it just sing that song again."

Complaining Tone began to sing but in a minute she stopped and cried out:—

"Oh, Heart-of-a-Poet! I have three new notes already."

"I know you have," said Heart-of-a-Poet, "and what is still better you have lost your old whining note. If you keep on as you are going people will have to stop calling you Complaining and begin to call you Cheerful Tone."

"Cheerful Tone! Will they really? Oh, I should like to be called *Cheerful!* Everybody loves Cheerful Tone."

"All right. All you have to do is to just keep on singing until you have caught a nice lot of merry notes."

"You really think I can catch them?"

"Why, of course you can. Any Complaining Tone can change her name to Cheerful if she will just pitch in and sing some funny little song."

Complaining Tone began at once and sang and sang until she had lost every bit of her old whiney note and had a nice lot of merry notes in her voice.

"There!" cried Heart-of-a-Poet. "Didn't I tell you? Now everybody will just have to love you and call you Cheerful Tone."

Church School News

The Young People's Religious Union of the First Unitarian Church, Los Angeles, California, on Sunday, February 10, presented "The Great Commandment", a series of dramatic episodes depicting the Commandment "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself", as it appears in the five great religions of the world. This was preceded by an address on "Universal Religion" given by the minister of the church, Rev. E. Burdette Backus.

From 117 High Street, Florence, Mass., comes a letter to the Club very nicely printed. The writer says—

Dear Miss Buck:—I am six years old and I go to the Florence Unitarian Sunday School. My teacher is Miss Hill. I'd like to join your club very much. I like the *Beacons*. My mother reads them to me each week.

BETTY LEARNED.

Correspondents are wanted by new members of our Club whose names are given in the following list:

Name	Age	Address
Josephine Lydia Preon	11	51 Lucretia Ave., San Jose, Cal.
Jeanne Macomber	8	15 Temple St., West Newton, Mass.
Ellen Woodford	11	27 Bay View Avenue, Plymouth, Mass.
Herbert A. Smith	13	East Gardner, Mass.
Ralph Smith	11	East Gardner, Mass.
Helen Beever	8	59 Warren Ave., Plymouth, Mass.
Beth Henniker	10	3A Draper St., Canton, Mass.

Other new members of our Club are Dorothy Simpson, Atlanta, Ga.; Dorothy Fraser, Calais, Me.; Mary Elizabeth Martel, Kennebunkport, Me.; Annie Anderson, Sturgills, N. C.

The West Newton church held a church-school entertainment for members, parents and friends of the school, with a talk illustrated by stereopticon slides showing the rise and development of our faith in America. The meeting brought also an opportunity for parents to become acquainted with each other and with the teachers of the school.

At Flushing, New York, on one of the Sundays in February, the worst storm of the winter prevailed during the time of the Sunday school and church service. In spite of weather conditions, a number of pupils in the church school came a distance of fifteen miles and the whole attendance was a good proportion of the numbers usually present at the Sunday session.

The *Belmont Citizen* publishes a picture of the new parish house to be added to the Unitarian church and announces the starting of work for its erection. It will stand on the south side of the church building and be connected with it on two floors. The article states that the chief purpose of this new structure is to provide proper accommodations for the church school which, under the capable leadership of Mrs. Emma Abbott Allen, the parish worker, has more than doubled its membership during the past three years and now has a registration of 160.

The school of the First Unitarian Church, Cleveland, Ohio, has just issued a pamphlet stating the aims of the church school, the character of its service of worship, its curriculum, service and faculty, giving also the classification of the school and the course of study. It shows a fine development of the church-school work and the modern methods there employed in the teaching of religion.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVIII

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 19, 7, 21, 22, is to tumble.
My 11, 24, 3, is to possess.
My 6, 2, 7, 13, 14, 20, 12, is what we call the condition of the atmosphere.
My 18, 23, 17, 18, is something with which to summon people.

My 10, 1, 5, is used when asking a question.
My 8, 2, 9, 20, 4, 13, is a sandy plain.
My 15, 16, 6, is the opposite of high.
My whole is the name of an American poet.

ELIZABETH BLAISDELL ANDREWS.

ENIGMA XLIX

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 6, 1, 4, is a friend.
My 2, 8, 5, 3, is what the bird says.
My 4, 7, 6, is on the face.
My whole is something good to eat.

MARJORIE TARBELL.

WORD SQUARES

I

1. Something composed of letters.
 2. A musical instrument.
 3. An ancient city.
 4. A dimension.
- II
1. Found on pine trees.
 2. Part of a stove.
 3. To want.
 4. When a thing ceases to be.

RUTH WELLMAN.

FOUR-LETTER HYDRA-HEADED WORDS

1. I am a young girl. Change my head, I am a sign of affection; change once more, I am a sign of disapproval.
2. I am a bird. Change my head, I am a corner; once more and I am to catch.
3. I am anger. Change my head, I am to confine; change once more, I am wise.
4. I am a boy's name. Change my head, I am ill; change once more, I am on your bed.

Boyland.

TWISTED ANIMALS

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Kmnoey | 7. Etpelahn |
| 2. Bloafuf | 8. Cineuppor |
| 3. Terhnap | 9. Etnapeol |
| 4. Repolad | 10. Ondeky |
| 5. Ooragnak | 11. Nkusk |
| 6. Smooe | 12. Xyln |

E. M. A.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 23

ENIGMA XLIV.—Do as you would be done by.
ENIGMA XLV.—I will do that hard old task to-day.

METAGRAM.—1. Dane. 2. Jane. 3. Lane. 4. Cane. 5. Bane. 6. Vane. 7. Mane.

WORD SQUARE.—PLANT
LABOR
ABUSE
NOSES
TRESS

INSECT DIAGONAL.—L-INNET
C-O-UGAR
LO-C-KET
AUG-U-ST
LOUI-S-E
VIOLE-T LOCUST

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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